



Flamer



city powers dystopia

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Chapter 1 by Fatty2By4

Hunters

Assassins

Murderers

That's what they call us. Not saviors, not "freedom fighters", no, that glory goes to the people who like to have their "good" deeds known. But not us, no, we prefer the quiet life. We do everything they do, we even hunt the same people, but just because we don't get permission, it makes us the bad guys.

But excuse my manners, let me tell you about my little group. I'm Jared, but people call me Flamer. I'm what you'd call the "leader" although we all seem to lead in this group. Were some of the first people on old earth, the earth the poor and helpless were left after all the rich decided it wasn't a good place to live

Guess they're right, the world is practically in continuous darkness due to the smog completely covering the sky. Most of the kids will probably never see real sunlight in their lives. But anyway

onto the group. We all have a special skill. I picked them out especially for that reason.

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Me for example, I flow with energy. Sometimes my dad did for an experiment. I can cause blackouts, start vehicles, and I can make things explode. They gave me the name flamer because when I really get going, the red energy literally flows around me like electricity.

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There's only one girl in our group, we call her Shear. Trained assassin, she uses katanna's quicker than anything I've seen, and I've seen quite a few movies. There's also Brute, he's...well a brute. Very handy with all types of weapons, and has quite a temper. The last one of our group, we don't really know what to call him. He doesn't talk, he just sort of showed up one day when we were in a hitch. All I know is that he has telekinesis. He also seems to know what's going to happen and when it's going to happen. Wish I knew how, but there's the whole no talking thing.

Our group goes around looking for the worst of the worst, and maybe even a few contracts here and there. We're not good guys. But we get the job done.

Chapter 2 by Talinaer



It was a calm morning in the warehouse, I woke up to Shear loudly beating a punching bag. I walk out my little closet of a room to find Mr. No Name right outside my door. "Good Morning, Tele." I said. He twists my arm behind my back. "Okay, Don't call you Tele, I got it." I say. He releases my arm and walks away. I walk over to Shear and say "We really need to find out what to call him. I don't like not knowing my team." Shear pauses her beat down on the punching bag and goes to a wall with names on it, she scratches the name Tele off with some chalk. "We are running out of names" She says. I look at the list intensely, There must be at least thirty names on that list. After a good thirty seconds I ask Shear where Brute is, she said that he went to go search for a contract. "I told him his temper could scare off jobs" I say. Shear Replies with "He said he has his temper under control." "I doubt his judgment." I say. Immediately after, Brute walks in holding a contract chip. "And you said I couldn't do it" "Well you surprised me.... is that blood on your shirt" I say. He covers the splatter of dull red on his shirt with his jacket. "Well at least you got a contract." We plug the chip into a projector.

Chapter 3 by Sheriff_Shartsy



"Ouch" I complained as our jeep bounced its way across the field of potholes that our roads had turned into. No need to maintain them when everything else is falling apart.

"Deal with it princess" Brute answered from the drivers seat. Shear looked back from the

passengers seat and shot me an apologetic smile, but said nothing.

We lurched our way further into the city, the tall skyscrapers looking like the bones of an ancient beast.

Which in essence was true.

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"Woah!" Brute shouted as he slammed on the breaks. My body lurched forward, only to be stopped centimeters from the seat in front of me. I leaned back and turned to Tele-no, not Tele-and gave him a quick nod.

"Flamer, a little help here?" Shear asks. I look out the window and see two armored trucks facing about 50 feet away, blocking our path.

"Does it seem odd to anyone else that when we finally happen to take a nice and easy snatch-and-grab contract, we walk right into an ambush?" I ask out loud.

"Brute, exactly what kind of guys gave you this contract?" Shear asks.

Brute answered with a shrug, "A little rough around the edges. They looked capable enough to save a girl on their own, but I figured Daddy's pockets were big enough, and these guys didn't wanna risk their own hide for this one."

"This deal's getting worse all the time" I say as I step out of the jeep. Our telekinetic friend chuckles, and I turn to look at everyone.

"Hey, he likes Star Wars!"

I walk towards the trucks, stopping myself halfway between our jeep and these guys facing us.

"Alright, whats the plan here guys?" I shout out. A chorus of doors opening, rifles cocking and

"target acquired!" answer back. Four from each truck, eight in total, all with me in their sights.

"A little razzle-dazzle it is" I mutter under my breath. I bring my arms up and feel my fingertips tingle. That familiar sensation that creeps through my arms, down my spine, and floods me as I siphon off all the energy from them. The energy flows around me, becoming a vibrant shade of red.

"Fire!" they shout, but nothing happens. It's rare these days to find mechanical guns; it's simply easier to pick up one with electronic trigger sensing, with self-correcting auto fire. Even the firing mechanism, where they induce a magnetic field to fire the bullets, like a mini-railgun. They realized decades ago that making one electro-magnet and a whole bunch of pure metal rounds was a lot more efficient than packing gunpowder into each and every bullet.

And as such, they were at my mercy.

I kept pulling the energy from them, all their guns and radios shutting down. The truck lights flickered, then went out along with the engines. I thought of how I must look to them, cloaked in

my crackling red energy, silhouetted by our own jeep's headlights. I had to stifle a laugh, not wanting them to become even more desperate. A desperate person is a dangerous one.

Behind me, tires squeaked as the jeep shifted into reverse. I stepped past me, and our ambushers jumped in all directions as Brute drove straight through the truck on the right. The

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impact occurred a half second sooner than it should have - a sign that our telekinetic friend had protected our jeep with a sort of bubble. *We really need to find him a name*, I thought to myself.

With a shout, Shear leaps from our our jeep. In hand-to-hand combat, these guys stand no chance. She slices through three attackers before they even get their bearings. One runs at her from behind, but before he can reach her he doubles over like he was struck in the stomach. A second later and he's flying 20 feet through the air, no longer a concern.

One man rushes towards the driver door of our jeep holding a knife, most likely thinking he can get the jump on Brute and take our car and get out of here. *Good luck buddy*. Right as the attacker is at the door, Brute swings it open, knocking the man off his feet and out cold. He jumps out, rushes headlong into another man and slams him into their second truck. Shear cuts down another, and the last ambusher backs away as the rest of my team slowly advances towards him. Backing towards me.

I walk up behind the final attacker, and put my hand on his shoulder. He cranes his head towards me, a look of fear and hopelessness in his eyes.

"Sorry friend, but you picked the wrong fight." I release energy into his body, my red lightning arcing down my arm and into him. He shouts out in agony and collapses. Not dead, but when he wakes he may wish he was.

"Nice work, team" I address as I step over the mans smoking body.

"They knew we were coming" Shear states "So what now?"

"Now, we have a girl to save."

Chapter 4 by Sheriff_Shartsy



"There, that's where she is." I pointed.

The team followed my finger, looking up to the top of the ruins of a 40-something story building.

"Let me guess, they're at the top" Brute voices.

It wasn't a question, but I closed my eyes and searched for the familiar pull of energy. At this range, I couldn't manipulate but. But I could feel it, like a heat against my skin.

"Yep, there's a strong pull from up there. Don't think they're on the top, though. Maybe a few floors down."

I started walking towards it, but I didn't have to turn around to know the rest of the team was following me.

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I made it all of 10 feet before a hand clasped my arm. I turned to see our telekinetic friend staring right through me before he yanked me back hard enough to pull me off my feet. A half second later, the ground where I had just stood jumped in a spray of dirt and rocks. We had been shot at enough times to know what that meant.

"Everyone, get back, into the building!" Shear shouts.

I scramble to my feet as Mr. No Name stands in front of us, hands held up and palms open. He waves his hand like he's swatting a fly, and with a crack the bullet punishes the ground a few feet to our left.

"Come on, don't make him wait!" I realize Shear is yelling at me. I turn and jump to the nearest blown out window in the building behind us and dive through it headlong. I hear two more crack, see two more puffs of dust, and then No Name bounds through the window.

"Move" Shear orders, and we take off at a run. Through a door and up a couple flights of stairs, we come out onto the 3rd floor of what looks to be an old office building. Taking care to keep ourselves out of any sightlines this sniper might have, we sit down and form a gameplan.

"So, what the *hell* is our next move?" Brute questions.

I reach out to see if I can feel the snipers flow, but wherever he is and whatever gear he has, there's not enough energy for me to pick up. Not sure if that's a good or bad sign.

Shear stands up, stretching her legs. She can never sit still when her adrenaline picks up.

"Well, our target building is the next one over. And this one's about the same height. So, I think the simplest solution is to jump."

My mouth drops as Brute's turns into the widest grin I'd seen all day.

"Are you kidding me? That's gotta be a a 40 foot gap!" I exclaim.

Shear shoots me a look.

"So? Brute can throw us, and he can give us the extra push" she gestures at No Name. "Me and you can clear out whatever resistance we find as they make they're way across. You can pinpoint their floor beforehand and we can hit them a few stories down, so we aren't running into the thick of things."

Brute turns to me. "I gotta say, it seems like our best option right now."

I can't help but agree with them. We couldn't exactly go back out on the street, and walking

through the ruins of our old building would have worked out just as well as any way.

I nod, then release a sigh.

"What now?" Shear asks, her voice taking on a slightly annoyed tone.

"Elevators are down. We can't take the stairs."

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